

“Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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For those who saw the title and thought “oh!” thank you for waiting patiently. I even received e-mail at my work expressing anxiety for this chapter that will begin shortly. It will begin so please don’t send me any more requests.

Just because we were caught by the police, none of us thought about a counter attack. We might have if we were guys that had lost our way, but we were still “innocent” high schoolers.

But the declaration of war was right in front of us.

Us vs. the Police: 700-Day War

Volume 1 Chapter 1 We are Turtles

We had the distinction of having the first (and last) suspension for biking since the founding of the school. The suspension was over in only four days and we happily went back to school. That day, we were biking normally on our way to school when we passed in front of the residential police substation.

Chuzai-san was standing there. What dedication; to be up so early.

“Good morning.”

We brightly greeted him like high schoolers. Aah, it was so refreshing. It was only a few days ago that we were arrested on charges of “interference of a public servant in the execution of his duties” because of a stupid joke.

“Oh! Hey guys!”

Hey guys?

We are normal citizens, so shouldn’t he be saying “good morning?” I thought to myself, but because we had caused a fair amount of trouble, I stopped my bike to greet him.

But then

“Your suspension is over already? That was fast.”

“Yes, thanks to your support...”

The conversation sounded just like something that might happen at a yakitori restaurant between [Ken Takakura](#), after being released from Abashiri Jail^{*1}, with the officer that had arrested him^{*2}.

“The school’s too lenient.”

snap

As we were all offended by this phrase, a beautiful lady appeared from the back. To our youthful eyes, she looked like [Sylvia Kristel](#) or [Keiko Takeshita](#)^{*3}, but we found out that...

This woman was actually this Chuzai’s wife! Surprise surprise!

His wife greeted us with a warm smile on her face.

Then Chuzai (we were already dropping the –san because we didn't like the fact that his wife was beautiful) said:

"These guys are the high schoolers from the other day."

"Ah, the ones with the bikes?"

giggle giggle

Eh? His wife knows about it? You gossiped about it, Chuzai (no –san)?

Her little "tease" was a big shock, but from her mouth came further shocking words.

"You're the ones from the [Keio](#) boat club?"

Noooo.

She even knows about our lame joke through happy little husband-wife conversations... (If you're confused about this please review "We are the Wind.")

Then one of my friends responded

"It's Waseda!!"

No... What are you repeating our shame for?

"Oh, sorry about that."

Her happy face and words didn't balance out with that hairy reptilian, Chuzai.

What?! This beautiful wife does this and that with that reptile? The conversation didn't get that far, but all four of us who were there must have been thinking about it.

We were half happy and half angry after being caught between reptile Chuzai and his beautiful wife. Our interesting expression must have looked something like [Baron Ashura](#).

But Chuzai must have had something "fun" planned with his wife, so he told us

"Hey you guys will be tardy!"

and sent us on our way to school.

"We'll be on our way."

We greeted "just" his wife and started pedaling.

As we pedaled our bikes,

"I can't forgive him!"


More than half of this "I can't forgive him" was because he had a beautiful wife. We understood each other without further words. There are usually petty things like this behind most reasons of war.

*1 A prison located in Hokkaido that is known for their harsh environment and run down buildings.

*2 Reference to Abashiri Bangai-chi, a Japanese movie.

*3 Japanese actress/entertainer. Known for her beauty and intelligence (or so Lynne thinks).

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After we arrived at school for the first time in a couple days, we got together with the members that had escaped suspension. But one of us was still suspended. He was “Saijo-kun,” the guy who began the whole “We are the Wind” incident by speeding with his scooter. Our charge of “interference of a public servant in the execution of his duties” was dropped but since he was clearly in violation of the traffic laws, his suspension was longer than our puny one.

We thought that we would all go and take a look at how he’s doing, so we headed towards his house. Now that I think about it, having 20 visitors at his house was probably a big nuisance to his family. But back then, we thought that saying “sorry for nuisance but thank you for letting us into your home” would solve all of this. We really were a nuisance.

“I’m still angry” said Saijo-kun. We agreed, but then we fueled his “anger” by telling him about our meeting with Chuzai-san’s super beautiful wife.

In his 16 years of life, he had probably never been this angry and asked us if there were any way to get revenge on Chuzai-san for the insults and his suspension. The feelings for vengeance were excessive. All of us could see that 70% of his anger was from Chuzai-san having a beautiful wife, but we were all charmed by the word “revenge.”

We reviewed the “plans for revenge” that were submitted by various members (crazy now that I think about it), but the guy that was caught for speeding insisted on doing something to the “radar speed monitor.” I understood how he felt.

“So... if a bike isn’t ok because it’s a light vehicle... **how about walking?**”

What a great idea! Or should I say terrible?

Anyway, we decided to challenge the radar speed monitor again this time by “walking.” How stupid.....

“But the radar won’t read people, right?”

Using our unfinished high school knowledge, we came up with the simple idea of us all carrying “metal” objects.

Interesting.

Bikes are made of metal, but because we were caught using them last time, we decided against them. We finished our first strategizing session by agreeing to bring large metal objects to school from the next day.

To tell you the truth, we had a big questions even before the session like: Why was Chuzai-san at the traffic control? Isn’t that the job of the traffic officers? To this question the guy with the police officer brother replied, “You morons. In an big city maybe, but in a country town, the Chuzai has to do everything.” Our chests felt a little burden after hearing this, but we weren’t meek enough for that little amount of sentiment to stop the plan.

The next day, we brought in metal objects that were unrelated to schoolwork. Although we wanted large metal objects, we didn’t have anything that big because we all came by train or bike.

Though, one person received great praise by deciding to bring in the “helmet and armor that was displayed at his

house.”

He did receive great praise, but aren't the only metal parts the helmet and face mask? But because the image of an armored guy standing in front of the radar excited us, we just admired his courage.

Though, something unexpected happened that day after school.

“They’re running the radar today!”

One of our friends reported back to school after leaving. This is not what we had planned. Even though we had brought some stuff, because only one day had passed since our session, we didn't have enough metal.

“How unexpected...”

So we called an emergency meeting and came up with a plan to borrow metal objects around school.

Since a school is a place of learning, there aren't many items “that can obstruct police radar.” We put our minds together about locations of large metal objects and came up with the instruments of the “music club.”

We convinced (deceived) the “vice leader of the music club” who was known for his diligentness, and borrowed metal instruments such as a trombone, [sousaphone](#), and cymbals. On top of that, we borrowed the metal pan for washing clothes from field and track club, the poles from the badminton club among other things before getting together again. No matter how you looked at us, we looked like [Chindon-ya](#) (sandwich board advertisers).

Either way, we were able to acquire metal objects, and all we had left was to carry out our plan. Now that I think about it, it'd only been about a week since our “interference of a public servant in the execution of his duties” incident.

Though, we were more confident compared to the bike incident since there was no reason why “good citizens just out for a walk” would get caught.

“Ok, let's go!”

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Using every trick and ruse we could think of, we managed to gather all of the metallic objects from school. This time though, even though our opponent (radar) was still the same, we had a significant change in plan from the challenge in “We are the Wind.” Needless to say, it’s because we were walking and “there was no way to go over the speed limit.” Therefore our goal was to stop the “radar detection itself” and you can say that this also made the experiment much more malicious. Though, of course, we had no malicious intent whatsoever and our minds were just filled with excitement from the expectation of what was going to happen.

It’s great to be young!(!?)

Because of our failure last time with the bikes, as well as the fact that it was way after school, we had significantly less people than the 20 who participated last time. Even then, the sight of uniformed male high schoolers (minus one with helmet and armor) milling around, was much akin to rollie pollie bugs that scamper away when you pick up a large garden rock. If we had even one girl in our group, the beauty of our youth would have been multiplied, but of course there weren’t any girls who would participate in this kind of wickedness.

All right, for the readers who have gotten this far but don’t understand the meaning of our true strategy yet, I will now explain it to you. Please come a little closer.

The reason why we brought metallic objects was to reflect the radar waves. Of course, the radar wasn’t there to measure us, so the basic plan was to “obstruct.”

Basically, when a car came, the police exposed it to the radar. At that time, we slowly walk in front of the radar, stopping if possible, to give a performance or two. Our plan was that because we were not even breaking the speed limit, and on top of that, we were good pedestrians (were we?), so there was no reason for them to catch us. The people who had already gone past would run the back roads and get in front of the radar again. We were going to do this exercise indefinitely.

Since we had less people this time, we decided to go with 2 guys per a group. At the front were the cymbals and trombone. About 10 meters behind them were the helmet/armor and chain mail (a guy who wrapped chains around his body). Behind them were my sousaphone and metal pan boy. No matter how you looked at us, we were a virtuous musical parade (right?).

The first two slowly walked and stopped a little before the radar. At that time, a car appeared from behind us. There was a 30 km/h speed limit there, but most drivers don’t drive at such a slow speed. Therefore, if this guy didn’t get caught, we’ve hit the mark. Using the ultra low sound of the sousaphone, I signaled the coming of the car.

Buoo—n♪

After confirming this, the front cymbal guys rushed to the front of the radar.

It was the moment of anticipation.

But

CRAAASH

The cymbal guy crashed his cymbals together and dramatically spread them in front of the radar. He almost looked a like a Martian from Planet Bandel.

“Ah... That idiot...!”

Regardless of whether it caught the radar, it's very suspicious for anyone to suddenly crash cymbals together on the side of the road.

Who's the guy that let him hold the cymbals?

How about the car?

It wasn't caught. The cymbals apparently do block radar waves, that or the car was under the limit...

Of course all of that doesn't matter any more. Because he crashed the cymbals together and spread them apart right in front of the waiting policemen, our objective was obvious. The parade was over.

“You idiot! Come back!”

We quietly tried to tell the front cymbal group to come back, but of course, they couldn't hear us. It couldn't be helped; it was sousaphone time again. Throughout the town rang the low tone of the sousaphone. That was also fairly suspicious, but it was our only hope.

♪Buo, Buo, Buoooh

They finally heard us and we motioned for them to come back.

We had to put an emergency stop to the plan because of one idiot. The cymbal group rushed back in a hurry...

But behind them, we could see one person running towards us at full speed.

It was Chuzai-san.

Oh, CRAP.

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We ran and ran. Chuzai-san chased and chased.

Yoroi

Now that I think about it, all the cars passing by were slowing down because they saw a policeman running. Isn't that a greater obstruction than crashing cymbals? Not caring about that, Chuzai-san was angrily in a full sprint behind us.

If you think about it, everyone but the cymbal guy hasn't even attempted anything bad, so there was no reason for us to all run, but it's human instinct to run when being chased. What a wonder.

Even though I tried to run, it was a great struggle with a sousaphone around my neck. When we tricked the “vice leader of the music club” so we could bring it here, he warned us saying, “that costs around one million yen (at that time around \$3000 USD) so be careful with it.”

Because of that, the first person who was caught was not the cymbal guy; it was me.

Chuzai-san said to me, “you rascal. Don't underestimate a former track runner.”

No... You don't have to be on track, **even a preschooler can catch up to a guy with a sousaphone**.

“You, wait here!”

He left me there and dashed off. In an instant he's caught helmet/armor, cymbal, metal pan, and trombone. It was five of us again. The rest managed to escape.

It was the first time I had ever seen a great capture worthy of the show “Taiyo ni Hoero ^{*1},” though the guys that were caught were all wearing suspicious outfits.

Chuzai-san got us all in one place and started his questioning. Since three of us were part of the group that were caught before, we were already situated, although it was probably the same for Chuzai-san.

“Huff, huff. What are you guys doing together? Huh?”

We all looked at each other. We were all used to interrogations and lectures so we were one ahead of Chuzai-san.

“We... were just heading towards our friend's funeral.”

“Really, with a cymbal?”

“It's based on his religion.”

“Then what's this metal pan for?”

“We're using this to wash the body.”

“Why are you dressed like this?”

It's obviously a question aimed at the helmet/armor guy.

“I... didn't know the customs for funerals, so I wore the fanciest suit in the house...”

Yeah, that's fancy. Nothing can top that. To that ideal answer, we couldn't keep from laughing out loud.

"Really, who died? Tell me."

Did he really need to keep up with our conversation this far, but

"It was Saijoh-kun (fictitious name, 16 years old). It was a great loss."

Saijoh was the guy who started this all by getting suspended for speeding.

"Didn't you guys just finish your suspension?"

"Yes, but you never know when a person will die."

After listening, Chuzai-san asked,

"You guys have some kind of grudge against the police?"

Of course we did. We'd already been suspended, although it was originally our fault. Having arrested us previously, it was a pretty dull question to ask.

A guy wearing a full suit of armor next to a guy with a sousaphone, and a police officer interrogating. How did we look to the people around us? I wonder.

"Officer."

"What?"

"Aside from him (cymbal guy), we haven't even done anything. Is it against the law to walk with a sousaphone?"

"Er..."

Our counter attack began.

"You guys were thinking about it right?"

"That's only your speculation. Please don't catch people based on your guessing."

"Er..."

"Even this (cymbal) guy, he just happened to want to crash his cymbals there, but he was just a pedestrian." Granted, it's totally not normal to want to do that there.

"Er....."

Excellent move. Police takes 100 points of damage.

But then!

There arrived a great ambush.

It was passerby A. After looking at us for a while, passerby A all of the sudden said, "hey, aren't you Takaaki (fictitious name, 16 years old)? What are you doing?"

"What?"

He was the cymbal guys' uncle. We were blown back by the unexpected arrival of a family member. Ahh... This is why I hate small towns.

*1 Japanese drama featuring police officers. Police officers in this series ran a lot.

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We were just about to defeat the gigantis when a healer slime appeared.

“U-uncle!”

Cymbal-kun was surprised just like Nakajima*¹ from [Sazae-san](#).

Gigantes

“What are you guys doing? Oh, you’re Taka-san’s (fictitious name, 44 years old, female)...”

Taka-san was my mother. The truth is that my mother was very famous around here, even being called a child prodigy when younger. She had the top grades in all subjects in our prefecture, and her future was expected to be very bright. But when her mother passed away, she “decided not to go to college to take care of her little brothers.” With the addition of those tales, she was always surprisingly famous to me. There were even people in the neighborhood that named their kids after her to try to get them to grow up similarly. I even knew of someone in my middle school class that shared her name. Usually when being called ***’s son, they’re referring to your father, but I had the experience of being referred after my mother.

The son of the prodigy, with a sousaphone around his neck, was currently being detained by the police .

“I’m Takaaki’s uncle. Did these kids do anything?”

The uncle asked Chuzai-san.

Sousaphone

“No, but...”

Chuzai-san started telling the uncle about this evil band of high schoolers that we didn’t know was us, until halfway through.

“What did you say?”

“What are you doing, Takaaki?! ... And you. Your mom would be sad to see you like this.”

Actually I think she would laugh... but it was none of his business.

Our position is reversed. Takaaki-kun couldn’t even respond and was just standing there. Uncles are just a bother. They were totally different from our dads.

“You guys apologize and prostrate yourself to Chuzai-san!”

What!?

Prostrate?

For just walking?

While carrying a sousaphone?

“Now, now, uncle, sir, they’re already sorry for what they did.”

We are? Weren’t you just saying “Er...” moments ago...

“You guys won’t do this anymore, right?”

“Yes, we’re sorry... We won’t do it again...”

“YOUR VOICES ARE TOO QUIET!”

said Takaaki’s uncle (no –san) What’s with him? Is he a sports coach?

“WE’RE SORRY. WE WON’T DO IT AGAIN”

The “we won’t do it again” part felt pathetic...

“Ok. Takaaki, I’m going to report to your brother about this!”

“Okay...”

Because of this sports coach uncle, the situation was diffused (was it?), and we headed back to school with armor and sousaphone.

At school, there was a huge commotion because the badminton club couldn’t find “the poles for the nets,” but stuff like that didn’t matter to us anymore.

Chuzai-san looked so triumphant while rubbing it in.

“It’s war...”

It was Takaaki, who was the most humiliated, that said it.

This was how our two year battle with Chuzai-san began.

“We never did do it again.” Interfering with the radar that is.

*1 Nakajima is the best friend of main character’s younger brother.

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Is this story fiction? The answer is, of course it's fiction. Though, we really did challenge the radar on our bikes. We were also suspended. And... disrupting the radar by walking is also true. The helmet/armor, too... The cymbal, too... I think?

Well then, what parts are fictional? It's the sousaphone. Sousaphone. Of course there's no one who would ever try to disrupt a radar using a sousaphone. There's no one that stupid... stupid...

Is there a problem with that!?

Our “suspension” brought us one good thing. Rumors were always started about anyone who's suspended at our school. We were especially talked about because we were the first to be suspended for “interference of a public servant in the execution of his duties.” We were called “ex-convicts” and because of it, we even had the respect of upper classmen. High schoolers like to create some kind of hierarchy, but there weren't too many who have been in the custody of police even among “delinquent groups.” On top of that, no one knew we were taken in custody because we had violated the speed limit by bike, so everyone took off their hats to us. We kind of understood how a petty criminal feels after being released from jail.

FM Fan

Moving on. Saijoh-kun (fictitious name, 16 years old), who had the distinction of “being killed by us,” came back to school from his suspension two days later. By this time, he had been informed of our plan's failure, but the first thing he said after he came back was,

“I want to see Chuzai-san's wife.”

His lustful desires came first.

At first, we were angry that we experienced such humiliation for such a guy, but our youthfulness and desire to see his wife were equal to his. We immediately agreed.

So our “Let's get a look at Chuzai-san's beautiful wife tour” plan started! We took the people who had never seen his wife and put them in groups of three and added one who had, as the tour conductor. The guy in question, Saijoh-kun's group was led by myself.

Even though the residential police substation was close to the school, we decided to use our bikes. The reason for this was just in case, it would be easier “to run away.” Learning from our previous experiences, we were getting better at preparing for disasters.

The problem was how we were going to see his wife. The residential police substation was a lot harder to get into (of course) compared to a regular house. We couldn't just peep in.

We first had to confirm whether Chuzai-san was there or not. If Chuzai-san was, then the plan would be postponed. It couldn't be helped. This was easily checked by looking to see if his police car was parked out front.

I hope it's not there.

Our wishes were granted and the police car wasn't there.

Yeah!

We strategized further. What kind of reason should we use to call out our madonna, and how do we take the greatest advantage of Chuzai-san being "out." It turns out that Saijoh-kun already had things thought out. He wasn't just a lustful guy.

We started our mission.

"Hello."

The first to step into the residential police substation, or enemy territory, was made by the most sincere looking guy, me. I'll repeat that once more. Was made by the most sincere looking guy, me. (There was no particular reason for that repeat.) Saijoh-kun followed.

His wife didn't come out for a while. This was however a good thing for us. I mean, for Saijoh-kun.

Saijoh-kun was holding something in his hands behind his back.

It was...

I'm embarrassed to even write this, but it's something that even only hard core adults might have, an adult magazine called "S* Fan." It was a super porno mag. After he quickly placed the magazine on Chuzai-san's desk, he opened it up to "one of the good pages" and gave it the appearance that it was being looked at recently. He did a great job. He didn't just leave it open, he stuck a pencil in one of the other hard core pages. There were also pages that were dog eared... but it looked like those were from before.

Hmmm. Maybe he is just a lustful guy...

"Excuse us."

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“Excuse us.”

The rear of the residential police substation was connected to Chuzai-san’s living quarters. After we confirmed Saijoh-kun’s trap, we called even louder for his “wife.”

“Comiiing ☐ “

Man. Even if she was married, her voice came across as sexy and cute. There was even a ☐ behind it. Saijoh-kun was even more excited in anticipation, even though he setup the porno trap. Outside, the other “tourists” were blanketing the residential police substation. In all, there were 13 of us. They were all hiding behind objects, but because we were in the middle of such a small town, it wasn’t very effective.

His wife appeared before us wearing a light blue apron.

“Oh ☐ Students from last time? May I help you? ☐ “

Duh- ☆。 ∴ * ∙ °

I saw it for the first time. Really beautiful women really do have flowers floating around them just like in the manga.

“Um...”

Because it was my second time meeting her, it wasn’t too bad, but when I glanced over at Saijoh-kun, he looked even more surprised. His face was already bright red. He’s surprisingly innocent for someone who was a dedicated reader of “** Fan.” At least close your mouth.

“Ah ☐ Did you come to see my husband? ☐ “

“Yes, we came to apologize to Chuzai-san about the other day.”

That was of course a big lie. But it wasn’t like we could tell someone else’s wife that, “we came to see you.”

But

“Oh, about the cymbals? ☐ “

Dang! It looked like that reptile was using our stories for entertainment again... She knew about us yet again.

“My husband isn’t here right now ☐ I think he’ll be back soon though... ☐ “

What!? If he’s coming back soon, we should be leaving soon too! That’s what I thought, but

“Would you like to wait? I can put on some coffee ☐ “

Incredible! Even though we were much younger and had been in trouble for two weeks straight, she offered us

coffee. Does any other residential police substation like this exist?

“Y-y-yes!”

replied Saijoh-kun, sounding like the theme song from “[Hakushon Daimaou](#).”

Idiot! Don’t lose yourself! What about the porno!?

“No, if he’s not home, we’ll be on our way. Please give him our regards.”

I took the hand of Saijoh-kun, who was “stunned” by his wife’s spell, and forced him out of the residential police substation. Now that I think back, she really was beautiful. Out of the beautiful people I’ve seen with my own eyes, she’s in the top three.

Our conversation while pedaling back on our bikes went like this:

“She really is beautiful. I’m surprised.”

“Yeah. I’m even more surprised that she’s that Chuzai’s wife. I guess you can never tell by looking.”

We were satisfied just “from seeing a beauty.” Sad if you think about it.

Though, for some reason, Saijyo-kun had the lone sad face.

“Ahh. I shouldn’t have left the porno there... What if they find it and think I left it?”

Well, even if they think that... It was your idea and you left it there, so **THAT’S WHAT THE TRUTH IS**.

“What should I do? Leaving a book like that...”

Saijoh-kun was totally regretting the declaration of war.

“Hmmm.” As everyone was contemplating a solution in silence,

“If they use it as a guide, his wife will get this and that done...”

That’s what you were concerned about!?

“Argh! I’m such a moron!!”

Yes, you are. Especially your point of concern.

This guy was always the cause.

Either way, the first shot was fired regardless of his “reconsideration.” Actually, he fired it. We can’t go back now.

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The next day, we changed our commute route. Usually our path took us in front of the residential police substation, but it would be bad to bump into him again. The alternate route had a very steep hill which we usually avoided because we were on bikes, but there was no other option right now.

But.

As we crested the hill and neared the intersection

“Oh, there you are.”

The person who was there was... Chuzai-san in his uniform. Although Chuzai-san did some traffic monitoring, it was clear that he was after us.

“I heard that you dropped by yesterday.”

“Yes... We thought an apology was in order...”

Things were developing very badly.

“That’s very admirable of you. Now... **about that book...**”

Oh no!

Saijoh-kun commuted by train at the time, so he wasn’t with us. It’s always like this...

“Book?”

“Yeah, about that book. Was it something you forgot?”

“No... we... we found that somewhere and brought it in as lost and found. Right?”

“That’s right. We found that. Oh, we left it at the residential police substation?”

We were in monotone by this time. At this time, I caught Chuzai-san grinning out of the corner of my eye.

“Oh really. That’s admirable. That was a dangerous book for you guys.”

That book was “dangerous” even for adults.

“So, where’d you pick it up?”

“Um... I think in front of the butcher.”

“Really, so maybe it’s the butcher’s? Anyways...”

“Because it’s lost and found, I need you to fill out some forms.”

Forms?

For a porno magazine?

On top of that, one called “** Fan”?

On top of that, on top of that, the one owned by Saijoh-kun?

“Oh, in that case, we’ll stop by after school with the guy who picked it up...”

“That won’t do.”

"There's no guarantee that you guys will drop by afterwards. Fill them out now."

"But as you can see, we'll be late to sch..." He stopped us mid-sentence.

"I'll contact the school so it'll be ok. You won't get a tardy for helping out the police. It's your obligation as a citizen."

What!? Obligation for a porno?

"No... We'll come after school..."

"Come to think of it, my wife wanted to see you guys again. She said you guys were funny..."

"We'll come!"

Hey! What the heck; don't say that.

We head towards the resident police substation, our dirty intentions getting the better of us. Since we were already really close, we were there in a moment.

I was the one who ended up sitting across from Chuzai-san because I was the one to inquire last time. In short, I was made to be the person who found the book.

Chuzai-san then called the school in front of us.

"Hello. Is this the school? I'm calling from the residential police substation. Thanks for all your cooperation the other day."

Does he mean cooperation on our suspensions?

"Right now I'm with **-kun, **-kun, and **-kun from your school. They brought in some lost and found. Really admirable for students."

"Yes, it was actually **an adult magazine**."

What?

"I'm currently having them fill out forms, so they'll be late for school today."

He got us... No one would bring in a porno magazine as a lost and found. It's inevitable that we'll be called in by the guidance counselor! We had just got off our suspensions, too.

As Chuzai-san put the phone down with a grin, we could clearly see the flames of vengeance burning in his eyes.

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“Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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I was again put in the great position of being the first since the founding of the school to be filling out a report for a lost-and-found porno mag. Um, I'm not sure what's great about it though.

“Now you don't have to worry about the school. I know you didn't want to be in class anyway, so take your time writing!”

What does he mean “don't have to worry.” He just reported to my school that I **“picked up a porno mag.”**

When I think about it, this situation was the same as when we were caught speeding with our bikes. Were filling out a forms for lost-and-found items done like interrogations? We were only doing something “good.” Well, not really.

“What about your wife...?”

One of my friends asked revealing his ulterior motive.

“Ah? Kanako? (fictitious name, age 22)”

So her name is Kanako. What a good name... Of course, I think we would have thought so, with whatever name he said as long as it wasn't something like “Tome” or “Kuma.”

“She's not home right now.”

“What?”

“Yeah. I said that she wanted to see you guys, I never said she was home.”

“Er...”

Crap. He “pinned” us again. How frustrating.

“Don't worry about that and just write. First here, name and address.”

“Yeah yeah....”

We were totally sulky by that point and were just following his orders.

“Ok, you got that part. Next is the name of the lost-and-found item.”

As he said that, he threw onto the desk the ** Fan that Saijoh had left him.

Wow. Terrific cover... I wonder if I'll be able to go to class today?

“What? Do I have to write this, too?”

“Of course.”

Umm. He said of course.

“First, magazine ** Fan March issue...”

“Ok... ** Fan March issue...”

My face was burning with embarrassment as I was writing. Saijoh, you stupid idiot... Please remember this “March issue.” It will cause another problem later.

“Ok ok. Next to it, special issue girls who xxxxx with ropes...”

Huh?

“What!? I have to write the special issue title too?”

“Yeah. You have to describe items as accurately as possible.”

“What!? Is that really true?”

“Those are the rules, it can’t be helped.”

“Fine...”

I couldn’t argue if he said it was the rules.

“Special issue... Girls who xxxx with ropes...”

Where can you find a policeman who makes someone underage write something like this? Well, there was one right here.

“I’m done.”

“Ok. Don’t worry about the rest. You said you picked it up in front of the butchers, right?”

“Ah? Ahhh. I believe so. I’m not sure because it was Saijoh-kun who picked it up...”

“Ahh. The guy whose funeral it was a couple of days ago. He’s resurrected already?”

“Yea, yeah. It looks like the monk gave the wrong diagnosis...”

Crap. We’re getting beat further. I never thought that the counterattack would be this bad, but his counterattack didn’t end there.

“Ok. Then take this absence form and an extra copy of the lost item report.”

“What?”

“I wrote you guys an absence form. You guys will be tardy without it. Here’s a copy of the lost item report.”

I can see the necessity of the first one, but the second?

“Umm... we don’t need a copy of the lost item report.”

“Really? It’s official evidence though. Official.”

I don’t need an official form that has “girls who xxxx with ropes” on it.

“Well, if you say you don’t need it... Thanks for the help.”

“Oh, one more thing, if the owner doesn’t come for it in a year, it becomes yours, but... since you’re underage, is it ok if we hold onto it?”

“I don’t mind. Saijoh-kun was the one who found it though.”

“Ok. Wasn’t Saijoh the one that was dead?”

Crap. So frustrating. In the end, we didn’t even get to see his beautiful wife and had to leave after writing an embarrassing report.

We arrived at school during first period and were called by the counselor during lunch.

There was another rope... I mean, another trap waiting for us there...

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“Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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We were called out by the guidance counselor. We went right through the teachers office and into a VIP room called the “guidance room.” It was almost a room exclusively for us. The guidance counselor was an older male teacher, who we were, of course, mortal enemies with. Our female homeroom teacher was also there.

“I heard that you guys picked up a book today.”

He started off.

“Yes. What about it?”

There was nothing wrong with turning in a lost item. In itself, it was a good deed. Well, that was the only ledge we had to stand on.

“Turns out that Chuzai-san had **faxed** the school the attendance slip and the lost item report.”

Dang.

“According to that... This... something Fan March issue.”

Apparently, even the counselor couldn’t outright read it.

“Yes...”

“Did you guys really pick it up?”

He really got to the point quickly.

“Well, it was actually Saijoh-kun who picked it up.”

“Saijoh, huh... About that...”

“Yes... what about it?”

“We actually have the **January and February issues of the same magazine here .**”

Huh????????

Why????????

“This is actually something we **confiscated from Saijyo a couple days ago .**”

Dang!

It was completely unexpected.

“It’s highly unlikely that Saijoh would find the same magazine.”

That’s true... I completely agree. Aside from that, what compeled him to bring a monthly porno mag to school?

“And this one was at the residential police substation.”

He was already becoming like Detective Columbo. During this time, our homeroom teacher was looking away, so embarrassed by the magazine’s cover.

“On top of that!”

Continued the counselor turned Columbo.

“You guys were just suspended for interfering with Chuzai-san.”

We were already in a cold sweat.

“Isn’t it logical for me to assume that something is going on? Don’t you agree?”

Very much so... We were speechless.

“So...”

“Yes...”

“Tell me what you were plotting and what you did!!”

He raised his voice. Since he was a guidance counselor, this was one of his tactics. I was used to the situation itself.

“... Please ask Saijoh-kun yourself.”

“I was already planning on it. But...”

“Saijoh’s bad to his core, but...”

Saijoh’s totally being bashed.

“he’s not clever enough to think of something like this.”

“Someone had to help him come up with this...”


The counselor Columbo continued his theory. It was a very dangerous situation for me.

Chuzai-san’s brilliant counterattack had hit its mark.

Chuzai-san was no ordinary man. Though he lacked maturity.

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“Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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We headed over to Saijoh-kun to tell him of the developments and to give him a piece of our minds.

After listening, Saijoh-kun was contemplating what we had to say, as was custom.

In his case though, his thinking often looked like he was resting and it was hard for us to tell which he was doing.

“So...”

He said after a while. The result of his “contemplation” was,

“did his wife have any rope mark on her wrists?”

What?

How can I express our disappointment?

“We never saw her. You don’t understand the situation, do you?”

“Oh, you never saw her. Then there’s no way to confirm.”

No... It wasn’t as if we went to the residential police substation (RPS) to confirm that.

The real problem was of course the “character” of Chuzai-san. We’ve done plenty of “bad things” but we had never received a “counterattack” from an adult before, so we were honestly stunned.

“I heard that that Chuzai-san was a former zoku member.”

It was our friend with the police officer brother who said that.

By “zoku” he meant “[bousouzoku](#)” and not Kizoku (nobility) and [Kazoku](#) (family). The chance of this being true was high because of the source.

“Well, I’ll confirm it with my brother when he comes home tonight, but I heard it once before.”

“Zoku, huh...”

We decided to hold an “emergency meeting” after school but in the meantime, Saijoh-kun was called over the school speaker system. Saijoh-kun being called over the school speaker system occurred more often than emergency drills, so the whole school was used to it, at same time, we knew it was always a trigger for something to happen.

After school, all of us met and discussed “countermeasures,” but the conclusion was already made. There was no way we were going to back down from such a worthy adversary. We were further excited by our opponent having “authority.”

It was called “epic plan for revenge.” The first part was to be carried out tomorrow.

When I got home from school, my mom was in the yard and said

“The Chuzai-san was here a couple minutes ago.”

“Huh? Chuzai?”

I had a bad feeling about this.

“He said you forgot the copy of the lost item report and brought it here for you. He asked me to give it to you.”

So this is why he asked, “you sure you don’t need to take this?”

It was an official copy of the “girls who xxxx with ropes” report. Now that I think about it, I don’t think that was an official document. It was probably one made from Chuzai-san’s copy which would make it a forgery, but by this time we knew he was the type to easily do this kind of stuff.

“You...”

“What is it?”

“Turned in a book you found. How admirable of you.”

Chuzai-san must have thought my mother to be “an average mother” but he was totally wrong. There was a reason for her being called “prodigy.”

The next day, we again visited the RPS with Saijoh in the lead, and left neatly standing on his desk, from January to December, one year’s worth of ** Fan.

How magnificent those 12 issues looked!

This was our “answer” to Chuzai-san.

At any rate, Saijoh, you were getting ** Fan every month!?

Volume 1 – The End

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